

The History of

for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe* true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hos.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hos.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare, *Hall*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a Halter as another.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore he hide mee.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now master Sherite, what is your will with mee?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is will knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

Henry the Fourth

And Sherife, I will ingage my word That I will by to morrow dinner time Send him to answer thee or any man. For any thing he shall be charg'd with. And so let me intreate you leaue the

*Sher.* I will, my Lord, there are two hundred markes in this robbery lost 300 markes.

*Prin.* It may be so: if he haue robbed him, he shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow.

*Sher.* Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is.

*Prince.* This oyley rascall is knowne to him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe behind like a horse.

*Prin.* Marke how hard he fetches.

*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth nothing.*

*Prin.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my Lord.

*Prin.* Let's see what be they: read.

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item Sacke, two gallons

Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper

Item bread

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of Sacke! What there is more aduantage, there let him flie in the morning. We must all to the

be honorable. He procure this farre more than his death will bee a match.

I know his death will bee a match. He shall bee payed backe againe with a

times in the morning, and so good night.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester.*

*On a Glendower.*

*Mer.* These promises are faire,